by Thomas Beach

EUGENIO.

A

POEM.

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EUGENIO:

OR,

VIRTUOUS and HAPPY LIFE.

A POEM.

Inſcrib'd to Mr. POPE.

——*Quicquid dignum Sapiente bonoque eſt.* HOR.

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YE venerable Sages of the Schools,
Deep read in Ethic, and in Goſpel Rules;
Who treat of LIFE, in ſtrong pathetic Page,
Thro' all the Scenes of Infancy and Age,
Of you I'd learn, beſt qualify'd to teach;
For Poets want Authority to preach.
But chiefly thou, O POPE, befriend my Lays,
No fancy'd Fame can bleſs me like thy Praiſe:

Believe

Believe for once, the Muſe from Flattery free,
Who pants for Virtue, and wou'd copy thee.

SAY what is LIFE, of which we all complain,
Yet fondly court, and ſtruggle to maintain?
To Day, ſedate, what Images we frame!
A *Flower!* a *Span!* a *Shadow!* or a *Dream!*
A weary *Pilgrimage*! a *Load of Cares*!
A *Howling Deſart*! or a *Vale of Tears*!
Anon---as flatt'ring Fancy acts her Part,
Or Wine, or Beauty elevates the Heart,
Gay Hopes, and warm Deſires allay the Fright,
And the next Ball, or Op'ra, ſets us right.
Lies it in *Life?* Or lies it not in *Man*,
That thus we change the Mirror and the Plan?
Purſue new Purpoſes, as Notions change,
And thro' ſucceſſive Scenes of Folly range?

How to compoſe this Tumult in the Breaſt,
And give the anxious Mind Relief and Reſt;

To yield to Reaſon her Imperial Rule,
Controul our Paſſions, and depoſe the Fool;
To mend the Life, and purify the Heart,
Is what Religion only can impart.

For this was *Life* beſtow'd—to breathe and eat,
And give the Blood its Impetus and Heat?
To quaff the *Gallic*, and the *Tuſcan* Vine,
To dreſs in Taſte, and at Aſſemblies ſhine?
From Fair to Fair, incontinent, to rove,
And feaſt and riot on forbidden Love?

Can the poor Plea, which mad Ambition brings,
Titles of Honour, or the Smiles of Kings,
When duly weigh'd—the Pleaſure and the Pain,
Challenge one Point of Life's diminiſh'd Span?

Can Avarice—that Viper in the Breaſt!
Curſt, meagre, pale, inhoſpitable Gueſt!

Can ſhe—perpetual Source of Fraud and Strife,
Make good her Title to the human Life?
Does FLORIO live? whoſe Reaſon ſtill ſubſides,
While Senſe and Pleaſure are his airy Guides:
No Interval of Thought his Mind employs,
Loſt in the Circle of returning Joys:
He waſtes while Youth and Fortune lend Supplies,
And only Death, or Age can make him wiſe.
Riper in Years aſpiring JULIO's Soul
Forgets bright *Hebe*, and the ſparkling Bowl.
His ſofter Paſſions all are at a Stand;
He muſt have Houſes, Gardens, Park, and Land;
Pictures, and Statues, Furniture, and Plate;
He has 'em—but he wants a Title yet.
A Coronet he cries, indulgent Heaven!
Grant him but this, who all the reſt has given!
Yet what avails his ardent Wiſh obtain'd,
His Spouſe tranſported, and his Title gain'd,
Inward he pines; ACASTO's ampler Name
Contracts his Honours, and obſcures his Fame.

Behold

Behold HYEMIO! And the Life he leads
With Caſh, and Mortgages, and Bonds and Deeds.
See the ſtarv'd Miſer languiſh o'er his *Plumb!*
A Poor, deficient, un-availing Sum!
See Want and Ruin ſtare him in the Face!
Tho' Rich as *India*, and without a Race.
Nor Locks, nor Maſſy Bars can guard his Cheſt,
But Thieves in Viſion interrupt his Reſt.
No Widow's Cries, No helpleſs Orphan's Tears,
Can melt his Heart, or penetrate his Ears:
Let but the Stocks propitious riſe and fall,
Church, State, and Fleets, and Armies periſh all!

Muſe, view the *Contraſte* to theſe wretched *Things*,
The Man who pities, and looks down on Kings!
Whoſe younger Life no fond Exceſſes ſtain'd;
Whoſe riper Years maturer Wiſdom gain'd:
Whoſe cloſing Scene, exalted, and refin'd,
Speaks him the Beſt, and Greateſt of his Kind.

See in EUGENIO all the wond'rous Man!
Whoſe Life was form'd, and roſe on Virtue's Plan.

Conſcious of Breath deriv'd—of Thought confin'd;
Of ſelf-exiſtent, and all-perfect Mind;
Of God ſupreme, in whom he *lives*, and *moves*,
He fears, contemplates, he adores, and loves!
Eternal Truth, and Reaſon's Sacred Law
He ſeeks with Pleaſure, and obeys with Awe.
What Nature ſpeaks, or *better Lights* impart,
Command his Homage, and engage his Heart.
Too wiſe to chuſe a ſuperſtitious Guide;
Too humble for the Deiſt's haughty Pride.
Myſterious Points of Providence and Grace,
Which check the Pride of Man's aſpiring Race;
Plac'd far remote, in Worlds of clearer Light,
Beyond his Reach, nor proper for his Sight,
EUGENIO leaves to more preſumptuous Eyes,
Nor "*quits his Sphere to ruſh into the Skies.*
To Heav'ns Vicegerents, and the Sons of Pow'r,
Thoſe Gods on Earth—yet Creatures of an Hour
He humbly bows—nor blows ſeditious Flames,
But yields that Homage, which Protection claims.

Active, and Bold, and Loyal to the Crown,
When Hoſts invade, or Traytors ſap the Throne;
Yet all the *Patriot* in his Boſom glows,
If Juſtice warps, or Pow'r deſtructive grows.

The World's great Stage he views with wond'ring [Eye,
Knows he was born to act his Part and die.
To live again, and ſpring from teeming Earth,
When Nature *labours to her ſecond Birth:*
To mourn with Fools, or triumph with the Wiſe,
To ſink in Darkneſs, or in Glory riſe.

Nor blames the Order, nor diſputes the Art,
Nor fondly wiſhes to exchange his Part.
Or rapt with Pleaſure, or diſtreſt with Woes,
'Tis what the Author of the Drama choſe;
Whoſe perfect Love, and Wiſdom ſhall diſplay
The high-wrought Scene in pure un-clouded Day.

This ſolemn Truth awakens all his Soul,
And arms his Will his Paſſions to controul:
Strips ſenſual Objects of the Dreſs they wear,
And ſhows 'em artleſs, primitive and bare;

As Nature's Face throws off the Vail of Night,
When Day's bright Orb pours in the Rays of Light.
No more triumphal Arches, Pomp and State
Proclaim the Hero, and beſpeak the Great:
With him, who thus reflects, who thus believes,
Great Ammon's Son, and *Cæſar* are but Thieves.

That equitable Law, with Bleſſings fraught,
By *Wiſdom* firſt conceiv'd—by *Wiſdom* taught;
To meaſure all our Deeds to other Men,
By what we ask, and hope from them agen
Still warms EUGENIO with a virtuous Strife,
And is the ruling Precept of his Life.
Hence ſacred Truth, and equal Juſtice flow,
Hence ſoft Compaſſion for the Wretches Woe.
Hence the kind Parent, and the tender Spouſe,
Faithful, and conſcious of his Nuptial Vows.
Hence the true Friend, in ev'ry preſſing Want;
To help, or mourn; to counſel, or to grant.

Honour—that great, abus'd ambiguous Word!
Lothario wears as careleſs as his Sword;

Like

Like that too, for Convenience, lays it by,
When Duns grow rude, or Maids for Juſtice cry.
'Tis like his Snuff-box, Gold to vulgar Sight,
Yet arrant *Pinchbeck*, counterfeit, and light:
EUGENIO ſcorns ſuch proſtituted Fame,
And knows the *Thing*—*his* HONOUR but the *Name!*

Tender to Others, to Himſelf ſevere;
Tho' frank, diſcreet; obliging, yet ſincere:
Afraid to Judge, to Cenſure, or Offend,
And always pities where he can't commend.

If there exiſts on Earth a Wretch ſo low,
The Man who is—and dares be thought his Foe;
Whoſe callous Heart can no Impreſſions feel,
Like harden'd Wax impaſſive to the Seal;
Whom inbred Rancour urges to Requite
The Charms of Goodneſs with the Darts of Spite;
EUGENIO has his Puniſhment in Store,
And by Forgiveneſs cancels all the Score:
See Guilt convict, and Shame o'er-ſpread his Face;
See the calm Hero, with triumphant Grace,

Forgets th' Ingrate, if Want and Anguiſh plead,
And thinks of Nothing, but the Man in need.

If large Increaſe kind Heaven abundant pours,
And joins new Honours to his ſwelling Stores;
Grateful, to Heav'n he lifts his pious Voice,
Whoſe Wiſdom governs, and directs his Choice.
No flutt'ring Tranſports ſtruggle in his Breaſt,
No Airs inſulting to the Man un-bleſt
With the ſame Grace and Eaſe he acts his Part,
The ſame his Looks, his Language, and his Heart.

Not doubly bleſt to ſerve himſelf alone,
He lives a faithful Steward to his own;
Freely diſtributes what is freely given,
And proud to act as Almoner to Heaven,
Scatters his genial Bleſſings all a-round,
Like Soil that covers, and improves the Ground.
He aids the Progreſs of *All-ſaving Light*
To Nations wrapt in Ignorance and Night:
Conveys fair Knowledge down to future Times,
And bears her Charges to remoter Climes.

Or if, to give his Virtues full Diſplay,
Clouds intervene, and darken all the Day;
If Heav'n permits, for kind and righteous Ends,
Defection of his Fortune, Fame, or Friends;
How little the quick-ſhifting Scenes diſpleaſe!
He roſe with Temper, and he ſinks with Eaſe;
Like Gold refin'd by Fire the brighter glows,
Superior to himſelf and to his Woes!
So the ſweet Lark, with elevating Wings,
Chearful, when Nature ſmiles, aſcends and ſings:
But if the Skies ſpread Terror and Affright,
Untune her Muſic, and prevent her Flight;
Secure on well-try'd Pinions ſhe deſcends,
Enjoys the Ground, and chirps among her Friends.

To raiſe aſpiring Virtue to her Height,
To eaſe her Wings, and animate her Flight
Calm Temp'rance waits, with friendly Helps ſupply'd,
Her better Half, her Guardian, and her Guide.
With genial Cups ſhe lifts the drooping Soul,
But marks the Poiſon in the flowing Bowl.

Chearful,

Chearful, refunds our Nature's wiſe Expence,
Yet hurts not Reaſon to oblige the Senſe.
No riſing Clouds involve her awful Throne,
No Rebel Paſſions her juſt Power diſown.
Hence the warm Streams of Life maintain their Courſe,
And hence each Fibre its elaſtic Force;
Hence roſy Health ſmiles in EUGENIO's Face,
And his Eyes ſparkle with a lively Grace:
Hence his Ethereal Mind ſurmounts the Fogs,
Nor, wallowing, ſinks with *Epicurus'* Hogs.

Un-curſt with wanton, ſpeculative Pride,
Which tow'rs aloft, and roams without a Guide,
Far as his proper Sphere he wiſely ſoars,
And Nature's Works, and Nature's God explores.
Nor lur'd by apiſh Science longs to ſtray
Thro' kindred Stars to diſtant Fonts of Day:
Nor, blind and weak, pervades the vaſt Immenſe,
Or grows Omniſcient by the Want of Senſe.

'Tis more than own'd the Notions may be true,
Which call un-number'd Syſtems into view.

Divine

Divine Fecundity, and boundleſs Grace
Can people Worlds to fill unbounded Space;
Nor dare we think yŏn' countleſs Orbs of Night
Shine for us only, with reflected Light.
Hence endleſs Themes of Adoration flow!
Nor more than this avails Mankind to know.
But Pride aſpires to reach the high Abodes!
" *Men would be Angels; Angels would be Gods!*
Fondly we range thro' wide Ethereal Hoſts,
Deſert our Leader, and betray our Poſts:
Hence the pain'd Senſe and Agony of Thought;
Sad Fruits of Ignorance, too dearly bought!

In proper Limits Wiſdom has confin'd
The All of Knowledge needful to Mankind:
Inſtinctive Senſe, our Nature's kind Alarm,
Religion's Lore, or Moral Science' Charm:
Earth, Water, Fire, and Homo-geneal Air,
Alternate Magazines of Peace, or War;
Obſequious Miniſters to Death or Life,
That ſave, or kill by Elemental Strife:

Grand Seminaries, rich in wond'rous Arts,
Of Powers explicit—but myſterious Parts:
Exhauſtleſs Funds of ſcientific Brains;
Knowledge, which mingles Profit with its Pains:
From theſe EUGENIO draws his chief Supplies;
And grows more Uſeful, as he grows more Wiſe.

Or calls paſt Ages to his inſtant View,
And looks Old Time's prolific Annals through;
The Riſe and Fall of Empires, and of States;
Their various Manners, and their various Fates.
Conſults the ancient Wiſe, the Good and Brave,
The Boaſts of Fame, yet Victims of the Grave!
Where Heroes, Patriots, Saints, and Martyrs lye,
Moulder in Duſt, yet Triumph in the Sky!
Where artful Vice attempts to hide the Shame
Of each curs'd Votary's inglorious Name;
In Vain!—the faithful Record ſwells with Rage,
Brands the proud Ideot, but extols the Sage:
Gives *Nero*, and *Veſpaſian* both their Due,
Is juſt to *Cataline*, and *Cato* too.

From Books, and Bus'neſs, when his Mind unbends,
EUGENIO's Heart enjoys his ſocial Friends.
Nor indolently ſhuns the ſportive Fields,
Where chearful Toil a healthy Pleaſure yields;
But not like *Wronghead*, with a Father's Care,
Adopts his Beagles, and diſcards his Heir.
If *Raphael*'s Pencil bids the Canvas live,
And Senſe, and Motion to the Figures give;
Or *Rysbrack*'s Art has equal Wonders ſhown;
Breathes in the Buſto, and informs the Stone.
If *Burlington*'s majeſtic Structures riſe,
And Beauty, and Proportion fill our Eyes.
Or *Cobham*'s rude, devoted Acres grow
In all the Taſte, and Elegance of *Stow*.
If *Handel*'s Fingers ſtrike the tuneful Strings;
Cuzzoni ſoft, or *Farinelli* ſings;
The ſpeaking Canvas, and the breathing Stone,
The finiſh'd Edifice, a Wonder grown;
The Temples, Viſta's, and the ſoft Caſcade,
The op'ning Proſpect, and embow'ring Shade;

The melting Muſic, and melodious Note
From the ſweet Concert, or the warbling Throat,
Regale EUGENIO's Taſte, and raiſe his Heart
To the great Source of Beauty, and of Art!

Say now, ye fluttering, poor, aſſuming Elves,
Stark full of Pride, of Folly, of---your ſelves;
Say where's the Wretch of all your impious Crew,
Who dares confront his Character to view?
Behold EUGENIO---view him o'er and o'er;
Then ſink into your ſelves and be no more;
Or be, what Nature, and Religion meant,
Men, to ſome Purpoſe---Chriſtians, with Intent:
In vain with *Balaam* elſe, you'll wiſh to die
EUGENIO's Death---like him aſcend the Sky.

Gracious, and *Good!* Oh late remove him hence
To thy own Heav'n! To Joy refin'd from Senſe!
Tranſplant his Virtues to their native Clime,
To baffle Death, and triumph over Time.

F I N I S.